

A Sweven Most Devout

Darkened Nocturn Slaughtercult

Morrows ague with brimstone drought,
in reckless haste, made the welkin ring.

Esperance imbues a sweven most devout,
and laid waste, what once heralded a noble king.

An orison is to peregrinate,
in sables illustrious, to kindle the glim in fey.

The absence of fear gloriously graced
Through pain received grandeur, a cognition,
renders the unclean pristine and unscathed.
No force harms the ravenous volition.

A malison is to infuriate
the agone - precarious,
to linger is to brim over with decay.

Glower not at pneumas gloaming,
it is but a pallid shade.
Empower deaths sullen blooming,
morrowless yet irradiantly is our fate.

Those who were never torn
Bear no germ of virtue intrinsically
and have no place in this world forlorn.
Their spirit will repose perpetually.

It is no human, it is so much more.